

MY HANDS THE LORD'S

By

Frank F. Evans Jr.

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*This book is dedicated to my wife Ramona
and my son Paul, who freely gave his life
to save his grandson.*

*Special thanks to those who helped me edit
and publish this book: Loretta James and
my son Mark D. Evans*

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FORWARD

From an early age Frank Evans led a life of talking to God on a regular basis, but he left the reading and studying of scripture to the pastors who had gone to Bible schools and seminaries. It wasn't until he was diagnosed with Stage IV, inoperable prostate cancer did he come face-to-face with the Savior through His Word, who would change his life in a monumental way. His story is how God took an ordinary man, using only the truth of the Bible, to do extraordinary miracles for His glory.

Frank's purpose in writing this book is to give testimony to the power that can be yours as a member of the body of Christ and declare that the God of miracles and healings is not dead. Frank often quotes from God's Holy Word: "Jesus is the same "yesterday, today and forever!" Hebrews 13:8 (KJV).

Frank Evans was a youngster of about nine when he prayed to accept Jesus as his savior.

Mr. Evans told me that he wants to encourage every believer in the body of Christ to be and do what the Father intended. He explained “Jesus, in Matthew 28:18-20, gave the great commission and the authority to carry it out. The Church at-large has become weak due to not understanding who we are in Christ and not understanding the power given to us. (“We are the righteousness of God in Christ.” 2 Corinthians 5:21). Our instruction Book is complete with all the how-to, gifts, power and prayer models for us to succeed. The Bible tells us in Hosea 4:6 (KJV), “God’s people perish for lack of knowledge.” Charles Haddon Spurgeon once said, “The scripture is our inexhaustible textbook, the Lord Jesus our boundless subject and the Holy Spirit our divine infinite helper.

Frank took a scripture verse to heart and walked it out for his documented healing from inoperable Stage IV cancer. It says: "Therefore I say unto you, what things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." Mark 11:24 (KJV)

Frank continues: "Believing that God answers prayer and is a God of miracles is just one aspect of being a Christ follower and what the body of Christ is told to do. Above all, we are told to love one another. When the body moves in the way God intended, we will see healings, deliverances and miracles; however, we need to do everything with love." Jesus said, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another," John 13:35 (KJV).

Even though the events in this book have taken place over a number of years, and Mr. Evans is 89 years old at the time of this writing, he still has a dynamic prayer ministry which

begins early in the morning and continues until the last person on his prayer list has been taken to the Throne of Grace. He hears daily by telephone from people nation-wide who have been healed and who also request prayer. He says to all who ask, "It's for God's glory and His only."

Loretta James, Crossville, TN.

CHAPTER ONE

Simple, But Rich Beginnings

I was born Frank Findley Evans Jr. on July 6, 1930, in Palmyra, Michigan, a 10-pound baby.

My parents were Edith and Frank F. Evans. I was born in the home of Mrs. Turbet and delivered by Dr. VanDusen. My dad worked in a handle factory making tent stakes for the war.

I was told I was born with hair as white as snow and the minute I came into the world, I reached for a white cotton ball. Because of that, I was called Cotton Top for a time.

I had a pretty happy childhood and accepted the Lord Jesus when I was about 9 years old. Then at the age of 12 I went forward to make my decision public in a church service. So I believed in Jesus at a young age and never had a problem with that.

My life took a lot of turns, some really interesting and some not so much.

I became quite good with the .22 rifle my grandfather, John Findley Evans, gave to me when I was four years old, but didn't learn to use until I was five. I was taught how to use it and could hit a rabbit right in the eye. Since we lived in the country as a boy, I fished as well as a hunted and even though we didn't have much money for equipment, I was good at inventing my own.

We had a stream flowing not far from our house and I liked to play down there a lot. My mother had a washing machine that was run by gasoline, so naturally it couldn't be inside so it was on the back porch. One day, when she was doing laundry, she had all the clothes to be washed in piles in front of the washing machine. I went out there and happened to look up and saw the tall weeds moving down by the creek. I thought it looked like a duck walking backwards

and thought to myself *that was really strange*, so I had to go check it out. I ran down there and as I got close, discovered it wasn't a duck at all but what I saw was a black body with a white streak running down its back. I wasn't fast enough running away and was sprayed all over my body. I ran up to the house and took all my clothes off and put them in with my mom's piles. When she came out and smelled that stuff, boy did I get it!

One time, when I was young, one incident really stands out in my mind. It was probably the first supernatural event I can remember. We had a big Bible in the house and us kids loved to look through it because of the pictures and my mother used to read to us from it. We went to a little Methodist Church, led by Pastor Dawson, about 20 miles from our house.

One evening my parents and two of my sisters, Gertrude and Shirley, and I were coming home from church in our old Hupmobile, and as

we got near the house, we could see a bright light coming from the upstairs window. Now the house had no electricity, it was lit purely by kerosene lamps. As we drew near my dad stopped the car in the road and we just stared. The whole upstairs glowed white. We could see a figure standing there and this figure looked like the pictures we saw of Jesus with long hair and a flowing, pure white robe. We sat there for quite a while staring and finally my dad drove up the driveway and parked in front of the garage. The light stayed there until we got out of the car and walked to the front door. My sister, Gertrude, when she was alive attested to what we saw, but Shirley may have been too young to remember.

When I was young, in about 1938 or 1939, I met Ramona May Chesher and by the time we were in our teens we knew we would someday marry. Even though Ramona's mother was determined to keep us apart, on December 16,

1946, when I was 16 years old, she became my wife and we were together 67 years until she went to be with the Lord.

It was a tough row to hoe being that young and married.

I knew I had to be serious about earning a living for us and because I had worked with my dad in his garage since I was about 11 years old. I had become a fairly good mechanic working on cars with my dad during WWII. I decided I would learn everything there was to know about doing that job and be the best mechanic there was. I got all the books I could on automatic transmissions and even went out to the junk yard and got a couple of old transmissions to get familiar with them. I worked really hard, was eventually known for my abilities and became a Master Mechanic.

One day when I was working with my dad in his garage, I was about 16 at the time, a wrist pin

flew up and hit me in the face and put out my left eye as we were putting a set of kingpins in a 1939 Chevrolet.

Later, after we were married, Ramona became pregnant with our first-born child, John, born September 9th, 1947. We decided to try to have another baby so he wouldn't be an only child. We had a little girl born in August, 1950, Paula Kay, who only lived not quite 30 days due to a spinal problem. Other children came along after her.

Paul was born in June 1952, Paulette, May 1956, Mark, September 1957 and then Brian was born in January 1960.

It was in 1954 that we bought our first house with two acres. I managed to pay that place off in about four years.

In 1959 I opened Evans Automatic Transmission on a busy corner of Main St and Hwy US 223 in Adrian, Michigan and had 2

employees. In 1969 we bought an 80-acre farm and a few years later built a new house on it.

CHAPTER TWO

Florida Calls

We had only lived in the new house about a year when Ramona had a bout with bronchitis and the doctor told her she needed to be in a warmer climate. I stayed in Michigan and worked while Ramona, her mom and my son Mark went down to Florida to check things out.

I hadn't even been down in Florida yet when Bob Chesher (Ramona's brother, who was a police chief there in Adrian, Michigan) and his wife Hazel wanted to go down to Florida with us. Since they were bound and determined to go, I said, "We'll go if you want to but I want to stop and see my cousin because he is a manager of a golf course down there." We stopped and saw him and my cousin said, "If you're going to move here to Florida, I've got a job open for you. You come down here as quick as you can. I will rent

you a suite at the Day's Inn Lodge here." I told him, "Ok, we'll get back down here as soon as we can then." We stayed with my cousin for a while. I'd never been in Florida in my life. It was a beautiful place and we really liked it.

So, when I got back to Michigan my boss asked me, "What are you going to do?" I told him, "I tell you what, I'm selling my farm and we're going to go to Florida." "Why do you want to do that?" My answer came quickly, "Just because I would. I've worked hard all my life and we're going to do something else we've wanted to do." He said, "Well, in that case, I might as well go ahead and hire somebody to replace you." I said, "Go ahead if you want to. If you want to do that, it's fine."

So in 1976 we put the place up for sale. To show you just the way God works, I got an offer on the place which was about four times what we had paid for the property.

I had never drawn unemployment in my life. I asked my real estate broker, George Wilt: “How does that work? I’ve got to draw unemployment because nobody will hire me, even though I’m a Master Mechanic, because I’m not going to be here but maybe a few more weeks.” (Besides being a Mechanic, I also worked for George Wilt selling real estate on the side.) I made some commissions having just sold five different properties in about two-or-three-weeks’ time. So, I went down to the unemployment office and told them, “Well, what do I do about this?” They told me, “You just go by the week. If you had five or six thousand dollars come in you will only lose your amount of unemployment for one week.” I came out good on that.

When we arrived back in Florida, true to my cousin’s word, we had the suite and the job. I had never worked outside like that in my life. I’d always worked on cars inside. It really worked out

nice. Just Ramona and I were there for over a year staying at the Day's Inn. She got along really well physically. That's just part of it. The lady that was working there at the golf course pro shop said, "You like to fish, don't you?" I said, "Yes." She said, "Well, my husband couldn't get a job any place but in Texas. He's an electrician and there are a lot of things going on there in Texas, so we're going to have to move out there. I've got a place over on the St. John's River. Maybe would you be interested in buying that?" I said, "Well, I'd have to go out and look at it, but yes, I might be interested in it." We went out and looked at that place and come to find out she was just renting-to-buy. I talked to her about it and she told me what was going on and I asked if I could get an appointment with the lady who owned the place. She said, "Yes, I can get you an appointment with her." I said, "I'd like to meet her and talk to her." She came out and I made her an

offer on it. We agreed on a price and I said, “Okay, I’ll draw up a contract right here because I sold real estate in Michigan. The contract will be just between you and me because I don’t sell real estate down here yet.” I gave her \$500 down until I could get a chance to close the deal and so I had a place on St. John’s River! It just happened so fast.

The St. John’s River starts in Melbourne, Florida and runs northeast to Jacksonville into the Atlantic Ocean. It’s the only river of any consequence that runs north. It’s a big river, 310 miles long. They used to bring steamboats up it and everything else. I could get into a boat at my house and it’s about 120 miles to Jacksonville. My home was built on a canal that connected directly to the river. It wasn’t even 200 feet from the St. John’s River and I could drive my boat right up on my dock.

In 1977 I met a fellow named Steve Daunsch who worked with me at the Sabal Point golf course in Longwood, Florida. He was kind of a superintendent. He was originally from Michigan. I liked Steve. We got along well together and we kept talking about going into business together. I always wanted to buy a fish camp or something like that. I thought, "Oh, *this is great we could make a bunch of money and be able to fish all the time.*" Well that was the farthest thing from truth. Anyway, we ended up buying the Osteen Bridge Fish Camp. A fish camp is what I always wanted. I didn't realize what it would really be like. This was about three years after we moved to Florida. We had 19 boats and motors, we sold guns and ammunition and licenses for the guns and fishing. Those things just went with the business. The fellow who used to own the camp was a gunsmith and he's the one who started it. My lawyer friend, Ken McIntosh, said, "Frank, I

don't know whether you know it or not, but buying a fish camp is like getting married." I said, "What are you talking about?" He told me, "It can be very hard to get rid of and it's a consuming job." Ken said: "It's from daylight to dark, and you'd better have the door open before five o'clock in the morning." He was right. I had a lot to learn. I wanted to sell it after I had it six months. When I lived in Michigan there were days it was cold and there were days you'd get ice and you can't fish, but in Florida you can fish all night long if you want to.

It was only eight miles on the St. John's River from my house to the fish camp. I knew that river well enough that I could run the river in the dark and get there by boat. My wife also worked at the golf course in the Club House as soon as the sun started popping up taking greens fees. The greens people had to mow so I would need to be there at four o'clock in the morning to get

things ready for them. We were constantly busy from before daylight to after dark.

My partner Steve lived in a nice big mobile home on the water at the fish camp. We took turns opening up the place. One of us would open it up in the morning, then the other would come and the one who opened up could leave at noon. We had to work it that way for four years until I bought out Steve's part of the business from him and finally got that place sold. It was somebody from Michigan who bought it.

CHAPTER THREE

The Beginning of Pain

I was 55 years old when I went back to work at the golf course full-time because I really liked it and it paid well because I was a Master Mechanic. I could fix things they would ordinarily have to pay someone \$60, \$70 or \$100 an hour to do. So that worked out well. Then one day I went in there to work early in the morning. The building was a little old and it had a bit of a leak in the roof. They sprinkled the fairways and greens at night and there must have been a little grease on the floor as well as a little water from the roof. I was on a creeper and was adjusting the height of the mowers. As I stood up I slipped on that water and grease. It threw me back into the bench where there was a vise and I landed on it right in the lower back. I didn't know it then, but I ruptured

two of my discs. That was the start of my problem right then.

I went to an osteopath right away. He was a nice man and I sure wish now that I had paid more attention to him. I have rued myself a lot of times since then, even though it didn't do any good. He said, "Mr. Evans, I can't tell if you've got a ruptured disc or two or what for sure right now, but I will give you some advice, (he was an old-timer). If you find out that you have a ruptured disc or two, what I would do is go in the hospital and get put in traction." I would give anything if I had done that. But because I was on Workmen's Comp they said I had to go to a doctor that they wanted me to go to.

I had been sneezing once in a while when I first got up in the morning and got a sniff of cold air. Ramona and I went to the Workman's Comp doctor who said, "You know your back is not in good shape at all and you could just sneeze and

you could be paralyzed!” I thought, “Boy this is ridiculous. What can you do about it?” He said, “I can operate on you and fix it.” Here I’ve been a mechanic all my life and was used to thinking: “If something is broken, just fix it.” I wasn’t used to God healing people. I asked the doctor how long I’d be laid up and he told me probably about six weeks and he said, “After the operation you can do anything you want to do and probably even better.” Oh, boy, I thought “this is great! I won’t have any more trouble with that.” What this guy didn’t realize is that I was a transmission specialist up in Michigan and had my own business there for years. I had used some of the worst cancer-causing chemicals there are to clean those transmissions. I didn’t realize that it was as bad as it was, but it was Calgon-407 which has been outlawed for a long time now.

I went in and got my operation just like that. When I woke up the next morning I had pain like I

had never had before. This was really a good hospital, too. A man came in my hospital room and asked me, "How do you feel this morning?" I told him, "I've got pain like I have never had. It goes right down my left leg." He checked me over and said, "He probably just left a bone chip in there." I was stunned, "A bone chip? I had two discs ruptured, vertebrae numbers four and five. Where is the doctor?" He told me, "Oh, he is over in Germany." Oh, boy, that really got me. I was in there a long time and one thing led to another and it didn't get better, it got worse. I had never taken any kind of pain pill. All the time I had my automatic transmission shop, no matter how bad the weather was, I never took a day off. I had friends there who were doctors and if I got a sore throat or strep or something, I would just run up to the doctor's office, go right in the back door and Dr. Charles Hefron would come out and give me a shot and I'd go right on back to work and didn't

even stop. I ran that place 10 years and I never stopped one day for sickness, but it cost me too.

Once when I had the strep throat back in 1960, I went home and turned around and gave it to my wife, which is what happens sometimes. My wife, who normally weighed about 115 to 118 pounds, now suddenly weighed about 155 or 160 just like that. It turned out she had nephritis of both kidneys. Talk about something that gets you. We had five children, one in diapers yet. She got worse. The doctors didn't expect Ramona to ever come out of the hospital alive. I still ran the transmission shop every day and would visit Ramona every night. This went on for months. She was in a two-bed hospital room and she wanted to get home to those kids. She asked the doctor, "When can I go home to my kids?" They had a glass over on the mantle in the room where she was. The glass looked like it had old coffee in it, it was almost black. He said, "When you see

that urine over there in that glass get clear like water, you'll be able to go home to your kids." He took me aside and told me, "Mister, your wife is sick and we can't do anything for her but give her bed rest and I don't know whether you're going to be taking her out of here alive or not. The odds are really against you."

But there was something I didn't know then and Ramona didn't tell me until much later. There was an old lady (I wish I knew her name but I don't) that had a granddaughter who was sick in the bed next to Ramona there in the Flower Hospital in Toledo, Ohio. (The reason Ramona had to be put in the Toledo hospital was because they had a dialysis machine and she had to be some place where there was one.) All at once, in about two weeks, Ramona got well and was ready to come home. She never did tell me until several months later what happened to her.

This older grandma who had come in to pray for her granddaughter went up to Ramona's bed and she asked, "Mrs. Evans, would you mind if I laid hands on you and prayed for you?" Ramona said, "Why...no." (Our pastor from the Lutheran Church had been coming at least once or twice to pray for her every day, but they prayed with the old book of prayers. Now there is nothing wrong with that, but there is not much about healing in them.) Ramona told me that when the old lady asked if she could lay hands on her and pray she answered "Yes, I want all the prayer I can get!" It wasn't two weeks 'til she was out of there healed! Later on, when doctors checked her kidneys, there was no sign she had ever had kidney disease.

Getting back to the story of my back injury, the doctor sent me home finally and he gave me some pain pills. It just happened that my daughter, Paulette, and son-in-law, Mark, were

living in Florida for just a little while at that time. I was in taking a shower; I'd only been home from the hospital for about a day, and suddenly I was in such pain I couldn't even get out of the shower. I hollered for Ramona, "I'm going to have to have some help to even get to the bed I'm in so much pain!" What I had done is I had taken one of the pills they had given me, which was codeine, and it almost killed me. It just so happened that Paulette and Mark came to visit that day and I thank God they did. They laid hands on me and prayed I would be healed and that's the first time I had anything to do with me getting healed that quick. The churches I had gone to all my life didn't even lay hands on people and pray for them like it says you're supposed to do in the Bible. That's the way it was in some of those churches. They got me to the doctor the next day and he told me, "If you ever take another codeine pill, it will probably kill you, you are deathly allergic to those things."

CHAPTER FOUR

The Tests Become Testimonies

My situation got worse; a lot worse. I had pain that they couldn't get stopped. My employers at the golf course wanted badly for me to return to work. My boss said, "Frank, if you'll work, I'll hire another mechanic to do all the heavy stuff and all you'll have to do is the critical things." I said I would try it as long as I can. So, I went back to work and started out working about 30 hours. I just gradually had to pare even those hours down. I couldn't believe all the pain I was having. It was worse than ever in a lot of respects. Finally, I got down to where I couldn't even work 20 hours with someone helping me. I told them, "There's got to be something else that has to be wrong. It's not just my back."

Finally, the doctors got in it and they said we're going to check your prostate gland. That's

when the doctor took a biopsy. Of course, back in those days you didn't even get a shot for the pain of the biopsy and I tell you that was rough. When he got the results back, he said, "Mr. Evans, you've got prostate cancer. We're going to have to operate on you right away." They got me in to operate on me just a day or so later. He was just a young doctor, Dr. Osceola, I never will forget it, and when I woke up, he said, "Mr. Evans, I hate to tell you this, but your insides are so full of cancer, they're in knots. We did a lymph-node bisection on you. We did 14 lymph nodes and 12 were full of cancer. It has already metastasized. We can't take this stuff out. You're going to need to get your ducks in a row, Your time is really going to be short. You'll be lucky if you have six months, probably more like six or eight weeks, it's such a fast-growing cancer. We're going to try to buy you a little time by giving you the maximum radiation we can give you."

When I was going through my bout with cancer, my son Brian sent me a book that was called “Love, Miracles and Medicine”, by Bernie Seagle. He was physician, a heart specialist. This book was about people, for some reason or other, some died that shouldn't have and others that should never have lived, lived . That was a great book!

If I'm not mistaken, at that time 29 rads would kill you and they gave me 28 rads. Then they did nine electrons on top of that. That is the maximum. Dr. Osceola said, “If you would have gotten any more, you would have died.” In fact, my oldest son John called the doctor to find out what we had to look forward to. The doctor told him, “Your dad, even if he lives a year, can't live very long because we gave him enough radiation that his kidneys are going to fail.”

So before I had to quit working altogether I went back to work at the golf course. This really

nice young man, Tony Santos, who was the greens keeper, was there one day. His family was just the kind you like to see. His dad was a pastor in the Assemblies of God Church, the Carpenter's Home, in Tampa. Tony was actually the head greens keeper or superintendent and was like my boss. He used to stop and pray every morning on the way to work. He was really a great Christian who had a good little family with a wife and two children.

We got to talking about the Bible one day and I told him, "Yes, I've known Jesus ever since I was a kid, but I never read the Bible. I got my left eye put out when I was a kid and the print is so small." Every excuse I could think of I gave it to him. I knew just enough about the Bible to be dangerous. I said, "The pastor has been trained for years and I just thought, why should I read the Bible when he knows more about it than I do?" He came in to work about two weeks later and said,

“Frank, would you come into the office?” I said, “Yes.” I didn’t know what it was about, whether I was going to get fired or what. I went into the office and he had a box there and he said, “I want you to have this.” I opened it up and it was a Bible. It was a Waterford, black leather with my name engraved on it and the Bible was in giant size print. I no longer had any excuse. I sat there and told him, “I really appreciate what you did and I will promise you one thing, I’m going to start reading it, I’m going to start right at the front.” I had that Waterford Bible and I got me a Strong’s Concordance to go with it and began reading that Bible. I wasn’t fooling around; it was a life or death situation and so I did. My wife even had to mow the grass I was that bad.

So, I started reading that Bible and boy I tell you, the stuff I realized that people have told others that isn’t true just about made me sick. I wondered, “What in the world is going on here!?”

The more stuff I got into, the harder I dug. Like I've said, "We came from God and we're going back to God, some better than others." This went on for some time. When I got to the 53rd chapter of Isaiah, I just sat there and bawled. I couldn't stand it. I had known about Jesus since I was a little boy. Mom always told us, "Remember, don't go any place you can't take Jesus with you because He's going." I knew that kind of stuff, but I didn't realize what Jesus really went through until I read that.

Everybody paints all kinds of pictures of Jesus...not a mark on Him, not a wrinkle in His hair, but they tore His face right off. It tells you that very plainly. His countenance, his face and features were marred beyond any other man is what it says and I sat there and I just cried. It was a long time before I could ever read that again without crying. It really hurt. He was just an ordinary-looking Jewish man. There was nothing

about Him that we should esteem Him. This really got into me, it really hurt. I never was the same after that.

Then I read that all our sins were paid for by Him so that we could be healed. Here is what I didn't realize for a little bit, and a lot of people are like this, the thing of it is Isaiah was written about 1,000 years before the cross. Then you go into Peter and you'll find out that is after the fact. That means the healing is already done. Before the Cross, when you're talking about Isaiah, He paid for it but it's not done yet. The other one is after the fact. Then I realized, after I read it in Peter, I said, "This is for me." I kept reading that Bible all the time. I had really gotten into that Word. Every time I picked it up the more I found something else. They don't call it the Living Word for nothing!

When they had started doing radiation on me and they had done everything they could possibly do at the hospital they didn't give us

much hope, I'll say one thing, my wife Ramona was just right there. She just made her mind up we were going to beat this thing and she had a lot of faith. We decided that we would beat it with God's help. We studied, we prayed and we had a something happen to both of us. We both woke up laughing at different times in the night.

I had three visible tumors on me. They couldn't operate and couldn't eradicate or anything else. One was by my navel and two was down by my groin as big as eggs. After everything was done that could be done the doctors gave me no hope. Then something wonderful happened.

I was sleeping in a little bedroom there in the house because I had to get up some during the night and I didn't want to wake Ramona up. I was reading Mark 11. I had read the Bible through about three times already. I read the Bible slow and carefully, but that night when I read that passage over again where it says, "*When you*

pray, believe you receive and you shall have it,”
...I went right down on the floor. I prayed, “Lord, I understand what You’ve been trying to tell me. I’ve read it these three times, but now I understand it and I know this is for me!” I said, “Lord, I know that you didn’t give me this cancer. I know You didn’t do it, but I know one thing, You can sure heal it!” I said, “You know, Lord, I’m going to ask You to take this cancer away...take these tumors away!”

I got up the next morning and I told my wife, “I promised the Lord I’m not going to feel for these tumors and I’m not going to look at them anymore. As far as I’m concerned I am healed.” My insides were burned so badly from the radiation that if I just touched myself my hide would peel off. The doctors were done with all the radiation and they couldn’t do anything more. All they were doing once in a while was checking me to see what damage the radiation had done. They

were really worried about it because they had given me so much.

It was about four days later and we had to go back to the doctor so they could check me. The doctor was kind of a gruff guy and I was laying there on that metal table and he came in and said, "I understood that you have some tumors here." I didn't say one thing to him, I didn't even answer him. Then he said, "I'll go in and get the x-rays." He got them and came back and he pulled them out and said, "Well, really, you don't have any sign of tumors!" I said, "That's what I thought. You know, I asked the Lord to heal me and I told Him I'm not going to feel them, I'm not going to look at them anymore and as far as I'm concerned, they're gone. I'm not going to tell anyone I have tumors because that would be a lie! I asked the Lord for healing." He said, "Well, they're gone." They have never been back just like that.

The Lord really got my attention one night after that and He said, “I want you to go out and tell the people what I’ve done for you. I want you to pray for the people who ask.” He said, “Freely you have received, freely give.” In other words, don’t go out there for money. He said further, “I want you to stay in the truth. Don’t get away from the truth, stay in it.” I thought to myself, “How am I going to be doing this, I can’t even work.” I was off work because of the situation still with my back. What about the money? The Lord dealt with everything and soon I was doing both church ministry and healing ministry on the road.

CHAPTER FIVE

A Healing Ministry Was Born

“If you use my Word, I will use your hands!”

It was along about this time that Ramona and I realized we really wanted to go out and not only tell people what He had done for me, but that He would do the same for them. We started traveling all over the country as the Lord led us, from Maine to California. It's hard to believe Ramona and I would go to these places and she'd never been in front of an audience in her life and we were in there doing the music and sometimes there would be hundreds of people at church and we would be up there praying for the people after the service was over. We would go from one place to the other. It was mind-boggling what the Lord led us to and we saw great results.

I really took it seriously when He said, "Freely you have received, freely give." We never took up a collection for ourselves in any place we ever went. We never lost any money doing it. We didn't make a lot, but we never lost any money. We've always tried to instill in people that anything that God does through us, He will do through other people because that's what Jesus really wants in the first place. He wanted the body of Christ to minister to the body of Christ. In fact, one of the things I didn't quite understand when I first started out was if somebody really needs prayer or wants prayer, just because they are not a believer doesn't mean they can't receive prayer. I thought at first it was just for the Christians. Of course, healing is the children's bread, but Jesus does this a lot of times just to get people to believe, so I tell you, you can't judge people and try to pick and choose. If somebody asks you to pray for them, the best thing you can do is pray

for them. You cannot limit God. All things are possible with Him. (Luke 1:37, "For with God nothing shall be impossible). I've seen people set free and hundreds of people healed. I've seen all kinds of miracles, but it's not because of us, I would say it's in spite of us. I don't just up and pray for somebody. We would usually feed the person from the Word of God first, especially if I was doing the service and really try to build up their faith. It's up to them to receive it.

Another thing that the Lord did, and I know this was Him because there were still a lot of things I couldn't do, as I was still having back trouble, but they told me to go ahead and apply for my Social Security. Nobody thought I would live any time at all, even after the Lord healed me. One of the doctors told my eldest son John, "Well your dad can't live very long because he's had so much radiation it's going to ruin his kidneys." When John told me that I just looked up to the

Lord, "We know better than that don't we?" I've never had any trouble with my kidneys.

The reason we have been able to get by financially the way we have is when they told me to apply for my Social Security, I applied for it. I sent in the papers from the doctor and they immediately awarded me my Social Security. Then I think it was a month or two later I got another paper from the SSA and they said they were going to put me on total, permanent disability. I had paid into social security for 40-some years or so. I figured this was evidently the way the Lord was going to help me go where I needed to go. I didn't need to take up any offerings or worry about the money.

We were very frugal. Ramona and I just didn't spend money that we didn't have. We had that little place in Florida, and it was paid for and our cars were paid for and we had a little bit of

money. We just tried to do everything we could to glorify the Lord and try to build up people's faith in Him. I can't say enough to encourage you to depend on the Lord, especially when times are rough because He'll never leave you. Your friends will let you down. As humans, we have a tendency to let people down. We don't mean to necessarily and a lot of times we don't know what circumstances cause people to do the things that they do.

God has really blessed us. We have so much to be thankful for. Living in Florida was really a Godsend for Ramona because there was hardly a day that went by that we couldn't do something. There were storms, yes, but there are storms every place. Of course, the weather is changing a lot. It was like a big vacation there. We had a garden and oranges and banana trees. I enjoy fishing. I didn't have to fish, but it also gave me a chance to witness to people. One thing

I really try to do is stay in the truth because God said the most important thing is the truth and He said a lot of people are going to be hurt because the love of the truth isn't in them.

CHAPTER SIX

The “Finishing Touch” of my Healing

The cancer was healed, but I still had trouble with my back. They had done a laminectomy on me. They go in there and cut the bone in two and then they go around it. He told my wife, “Your husband has muscles like an ox.” This was probably due to the physical strength it took to work on transmissions and being an automobile mechanic all my life.

Like I said, the tumors were gone and the only thing that was still high was my PSA (prostate specific antigen). It hadn’t come down.

My sister Margie’s son Mike Kiley had been called into the ministry a lot of years ago. He had been pastoring a church over 30 years in Campbell, California. During the time that I was sick, Mike had sent me some sermon tapes and I talked with him on the telephone. He was sending

me a tape every week. He put me on their mailing list and these things really helped. I had studied the Bible and Mike taught a lot of things that you didn't necessarily hear in a Lutheran Church and some of the churches we went to. Of course, Mike believed in healing.

I had done everything the Bible had said to do. I had prayed in faith and He took the tumors away. The more I thought about it, the one thing I hadn't done was go before the elders of the church and have them pray for me. (See James chapter 5 verse 14) I was going to a Lutheran Church there in Lake Mary, Florida. In fact, I was an elder in the church, but you know I just had the hunch that I should go out there to Mike's in California and have the elders of the church there pray for me. I thought that would be just the finishing touch, although the tumors were gone and I didn't have any sign of the cancer.

Mike's brother Wayne had stayed in touch with me over the years, back and forth. I talked to Wayne and Ramona and I decided we would fly out to Mike's. We flew out and they picked us up at the airport and we went to Mike's house and we really had a great time. Mike took me to visit the church. He had bought a building. It was like a supermarket and he changed that into a church. He built it over and really did a great job and ended up buying all the other buildings right along Winchester Boulevard.

I never will forget the day we walked into the church. It was Ramona and I and Mike. There was a lady in there who was playing *Amazing Grace* on a flute and you could just feel the presence of God all over that place. It was an anointing that was just fantastic. Mike didn't pray for me himself. He had Greg Moore, one of my sister Margie's sons from a previous marriage pray for me. Greg was one of the ministers at the

church, and there was a Chinese minister and I think another fellow by the name of Tom. Mike had those elders anoint me with oil and pray for me. I felt, *"This is it...this is the finishing touch!"* Really it was. My PSA went down, so it was the finishing touch, something I had to do. I really felt good about it.

Mike took us out to visit Sequoia National Park. We went out there with the whole family. We really had a great time. He asked me, "Would you like to see the ocean or would you like to go see the big redwoods?" I said, "I can see the ocean any time within 20 miles of my house. I'd really like to see those giant redwoods." We went out there and it was just beautiful. We spent the whole day going out there and back. I had a deer walk right up to me and I could feed her out of my hand. It was out in the wild, a beautiful place, a different kind of beauty.

Then Mike's brother Wayne and his family came up in a motorhome. They picked us up and we went through Yosemite National Park on the way back to Wayne's house in Corona, California. We went to Mammoth Lakes where some of his friends owned a place there. That was also a beautiful place. There were three lakes and waterfalls came down and filled each one, it was like one lake on top of the other. It was really something to see. Wayne, and I and the boys went out fishing there and we had a great time. We had so many things happen. That was in June of 1988. All the time I was trying to get closer to God and let Him have a little more of me than He had before.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Heartaches and Healings

Life would not be life without some trials and heartaches in the mix.

We had so many things happen all within a three-year time. In July 1988, we got that dreaded telephone call, “Do you have a son named Mark?” I said, “Yes, we do.” The man on the phone said, “He’s been in a bad automobile accident.” He was really bad. They had to take him to the hospital in a helicopter and I guess they lost him once or twice on the way. He lost 11 pints of blood, ruptured his spleen, and had a bunch of bones broken. In fact, the State Policeman told me, “The doctors don’t know whether they can save one of his legs, he also has so many dire things going on.” He said, “To be honest, we don’t even know if he’ll be alive in the morning or not.”

The first thing I did was go into the front room and knelt down by the couch and started praying. The next morning, I made some arrangements. The banks were closed and we didn't have any money on hand so got hold of a friend and gave him a check. He happened to have about \$400 in cash and so we just took right off. We drove over 800 miles that morning from Florida and we got way up into Kentucky and we stopped there briefly at night to sleep for a few hours. We got right up and we were in Ann Arbor, Michigan the next morning at 10 o'clock. We got a room there at the hospital. They had like a hotel there, so we stayed in the hospital with Mark for about two weeks. Mostly we could just see him for five minutes at a time. He was in Surgical Intensive Care almost two weeks and then a long time more in the hospital.

Mark then eventually moved to Florida to live with us because he had to have a place to stay

where he could get some care and not have to worry about working because it was going to take, the doctor said, several years for him to get through this and recuperate. He had several operations that he had to undergo. He stayed with us two or three years. Mark has had a battle. He has had a lot of trials and tests, but I tell you he has one of the best outlooks and best testimonies in spite of all the things he has gone through. I wish I could be more like that. In everything he does, he really tries to glorify God; because of some of the things, I don't see how he does it. The Lord just helps him out of each thing as they come up. He brought Mark through one miracle at a time. The doctors didn't give him much hope but he eventually returned to full-time work, is very active and even has run in races!

Another trial we had was when Ramona's mom got sick. She ended up with cancer. "Ramona, I've got to work," I had things I was

going through myself but I told her, “You go up to Michigan and take care of your mom and stay with her.” So, she went up. In February of 1987, Ramona’s mom passed away. Then her aunt Ruth died the next day and then about two weeks later her dad’s brother Pat died. So she lost her mother and two more relatives in a three-week period of time.

Then something happened that shook our family to the core. Back in 1970 my son Paul had married Sue Hudson and they had a son they named Scott Christopher. He was just really great. When Paul and Sue separated, Scott stayed with his mom in Michigan and so we didn’t get to see him that often. Scott’s dad Paul moved down to Florida and Scott was up there. Of course every time we did go up to Michigan we got to see him and go out to eat and stuff like that. He was just a great kid. He was one of the most loving young men that I have ever known and he

was really well thought of by everyone at school. We got a call one day that you just never want to get, "Frank, Scott has been in an automobile accident and he was killed." That just about broke my heart. One of the hardest things I've ever had to do is to call my son Paul and tell him his son was dead. This was really sad, but you know the things the devil means for harm, God can turn them around for good.

Scott's funeral was something that anybody who was there would really remember. There were about 30-some people at the funeral home. Some young people who were in Scott's class made a decision for Christ that day. That's not something you see very often, but I never will forget it. I have never seen so much love as there was at that funeral. It was something to remember. God has a way of taking things that the devil means for no good and making something beautiful happen. As I look back, Scott

was so full of loving kindness since he was a little boy and when you see things like this and you wonder about things, I think sometimes they are too good to be here on this earth. That's the kind of people God wants in heaven with Him. I have no doubt where Scott is...a far better place than this. We sure do miss him.

CHAPTER EIGHT

The Prayer of Agreement

While we were up there at the hospital with Mark, I was reading a book Mike Kiley had given me by Alan Redpath. It was: "The Making of a Man of God." Most of the time I was either studying that book or reading my Bible. There were a lot of people there at the hospital and we were all in this one waiting room. A lady was there named Mrs. Oliver. They had brought her husband in and he had a cancer of the esophagus. They were going to operate on him but they told her, "I would get your family and your pastor here because he doesn't have much of a chance. He'll be lucky if he lives 24 hours." I was talking to Mrs. Oliver. I had a lot of confidence because I knew the Lord healed me, and I asked her, "Would you like my wife and I to pray for your husband?" "No," she said, "My pastor is coming." I

told her, “Ok.” So, Ramona and I went back to our room at the hotel and we just knelt down by the bed and we prayed for him. We prayed the prayer of agreement. This is a prayer where you need one person to agree with another. We talked it over and prayed for him and put it God’s hands.

The next morning we went back down to the waiting room. Mrs. Oliver came running over, threw her arms around me, crying. She said, “Mr. Evans, you prayed for my husband, didn’t you?” I said, “Yes, we did. We went back to our room and prayed for him.” She said, “He is healed!” I asked, “Didn’t your pastor come up?” She said, “No, he couldn’t make it.” This was the first time that we had prayed for anyone like that. The Lord healed Mr. Oliver completely without our even being in the room with him.

When Mark came out of the Surgical Intensive Care and they moved him into a regular room, Mrs. Oliver came out of the room from

across the hall and saw me and said, “Mr. Evans, would you come in and meet my husband?” I went in there and talked with him. He thanked me for praying for him and said, “I don’t know what I’m supposed to do, but I have such a great peace of mind.” I said, “Praise God, He’s touched you so that you have a witness. You can use your testimony to witness to others and encourage other people.” Mr. Oliver was the first one that we had seen healed that we prayed for. That was just the start of things that the Lord did.

One day I got a call from some people who I then went to see. The wife was crying and I felt so sorry for her. She was home alone that day and, if I remember right, they had one little child. She told me a really sad story. I asked, “What’s going on here with your family?” Her husband wasn’t there right then. You have to be careful what you’re dealing with, with just the wife being there. So, I just listened. She told me, “My dad has a

business and my brother is in the business with him. When we got married, my husband went to work for the firm and business has really gone downhill. I don't know what to do because somebody had to go, so naturally it was my husband." She went on, "We have this house and all the bills and I don't know what to do. He just hasn't been able to get a job." Her husband came home about that time and I sat down and talked with him and he said there just wasn't anything for him. I said, "I'm going to tell you what to do. Follow what I tell you. You know a husband and wife team is the greatest team you can ever have. You need to pay attention to the prayer of agreement. You have to pray this right. If you don't pray it right, you're just wasting your time, but I'm going to show you how to pray it before I leave here. This is what I want you to do: I want just one person to actually pray, don't change that prayer one bit, and the other person just thank

God for the results. That's all you do. The Bible says," *Where two or more are gathered together in my name, I'm there in the midst of them and whatever you ask in Jesus' name it shall be done.*" (Matthew 18-20 KJV)

It wasn't even a week and I ran into her at the vegetable market there on Main Street, and she was crying, "Mr. Evans, you can't guess what happened to me! My husband went out and applied for a job at Disney and he got a job making the whole set for the movie "Honey, I Shrunk The Kids!" It was a great-paying permanent job there with Disney. She was so happy!

It made me feel so good. The Lord saw what I was trying to do, not only pray for people but teach Christians to learn to stand on God's Word for themselves. I've seen all kinds of healings as a result.

CHAPTER NINE

Holy Spirit Baptism

I didn't have the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

I saw more healings than you could shake a stick at for over two years before I got the baptism in the Holy Spirit. My wife received first, and was able to pray in the Spirit. For me, it was about two years and my wife knew when I got it. I never asked anybody to pray about it. I told the Lord, "When you want me to have this gift, I know you'll give it to me." I was in the bedroom praying for some people and just like that it came on and I prayed in tongues for about an hour and a half. I use praying in the Spirit to build myself up. Usually when I had to kick out evil spirits and such as that, they understand English and they'll come out of there!

Paulette and Mark said, "You need to be into another church, why don't you see about getting

into a Spirit-filled church.” I liked the church where I was, because I was really helping these people, but they prayed me into another church. It was another Lutheran Church, but it was a Spirit-filled one. We just fit right into it because people were being healed without any fuss. What happened to us is they started learning Ramona and I would pray for people and the Lord would heal them.

I was in a Bible study with about 30 or 40 people in it. The guy that was teaching it was a lawyer whose name was Al Lee. Ramona and I led the worship. Once in a while, Ramona and I would tell the people about some of the healings we were seeing happen when we prayed for people, which is what you’re supposed to do. One night all of a sudden this lady, I think she was about 30 years old, jumped up and said: “Why in the world is it that nobody can think of anything to say, but it seems like there’s always something going on with the Evans’s!” Al Lee saw her and

her husband were angry so he got up and he said, "I don't know what's wrong with you people. We've got somebody here that the Lord is really using in great numbers. We should be taking advantage of this instead of just sitting back." There was a lady there whose knees were so bad that when she walked you could hear them crunch. She couldn't have even been more than in her late 30s. She said, "I've been scheduled for surgery, but I would really appreciate it if you and your wife could pray for me." I said to her, "He can heal your knees right now! This is what I want you to do: I want you and your husband to go in that room with my wife and I." So, we all went in the other room. She had Levis on, so I anointed her with oil and knelt down on the floor and my wife put her hand up on her shoulder and I put one hand on each knee socket and I prayed for her. That's why I wanted her husband in there because when you get down on your knees and

hold someone's knees, it may not be a good thing. She got so hot that water ran right off her hair. It was just like someone dumped a bucket of water on her head. God really healed her...it was done just like that! I've seen Him do that just a couple of times since then where water just ran down their heads. I've seen Him heal a person who was a Catholic like that one time.

Around that time I started working with Fresh Start which is a drug and alcohol rehabilitation ministry. The leader of that ministry was bringing about 20-some people into the church where we served. The church had two pastors and he told one of the pastors, "I need somebody for the Fresh Start Ministry. I'd like to have an older fellow who knows what he's doing because I have all these men. I want somebody like Frank Evans, if you can get him. I'd really like to use him." He had two different houses full of people where he had them put up. They were working, but they

would come back there to sleep at night. I said, “I’ll pray about it. If the Lord wants me to do it, I will do it, but I could probably only handle a couple of the men to really work with each week because I have a lot of other things to do.” I prayed about it and ended up taking it on. I had to drive 20-some miles when I went to see them. Would you guess who I got for the first person to help mentor? His name was Scotty, 19 years old, the same age and name of my Grandson who had been killed in the automobile accident. The Lord doesn’t mess around with things like that and used that to confirm to me I was to work with that ministry. He just gets everything right on with the details.

I had Scotty about two weeks and I went into church one day and Scotty was at the altar crying. I put my hand over his shoulder and said, “Scotty, what’s going on?” He said, “Frank, these people were calling us black sheep today.” I exclaimed,

“What?” He said, “Yes, they said we were a dirty bunch.” I prayed with him and said, “Scotty, I’m going to tell you something, the minute you asked the Lord Jesus Christ to save you you’re as clean as any of us. You’re as clean as you’ll ever be. Yes, you might have something sometime that you have to repent of, but that is ridiculous, they are the ones at fault. Don’t ever take this kind of stuff from anyone, you’re as clean as anyone. That’s what God did, He paid for all of our sins, we’re as white as snow.” I worked with Fresh Start for quite a while.

CHAPTER TEN

A Believer Can Heal the Sick and Do Miracles

And these signs will accompany those who believe: In My name they will drive out demons; they will speak in new tongues; 18 they will pick up snakes with their hands, and if they drink any deadly poison, it will not harm them; they will lay their hands on the sick and they will be made well.”

Mark 16:17, 18

My motivation for writing this book is to encourage believers to actually believe the Word of God and understand who they are in Christ. As the verse says, God has given us everything that Jesus has right down to healing the sick, casting out demons and doing all kinds of miracles, which was all part of the Great Commission.

I was sitting in church just minding my own business one time and I told Ramona: “I’ve got to

get up and go.” She was surprised, “What...where are we going?” I said, “I don’t know, but we’re going someplace different.” We drove around a little bit and pulled into this church. It was a church with a lady pastor and there was a nice older fellow there. There weren’t too many people there that night, but for some reason or other I knew we needed to attend there. Mary Fisher was the pastor’s name. Her dad’s name was Gibson. It turns out he had been President Eisenhower’s doctor. He was an internal medicine specialist. They were all Christians. In fact, his daughter was the minister. There was also a young man there who was a licensed pastor. He also worked as a bodyguard to Mark Rutland (Mark Rutland is a famous Assemblies of God pastor who later became president of Oral Roberts University) That’s the first time I had ever heard of a church having to have a bodyguard, but they did because the church Rutland pastored took up so much

money and people were robbing churches. At that time, I was working in the church I belonged to on Wednesday night and Thursday night I'd be at this other church.

My son, Mark, who got in the wreck, had been drinking and used some drugs like a lot people did in those days. Finally, I prayed this prayer, "Lord, whatever it takes short of taking his life, bring him to his knees." That's a tough prayer to pray but what else have you got. He had come out of that wreck that was his fault because he was drinking and doing drugs. One thing about Mark, he took the blame himself, he would never blame anyone else. It was about the second or third week that we had been there and Mark knew we were going there, so he came in with the lady he had been going with and said, "I want to rededicate my life to the Lord." The Lord took him away from drugs, alcohol and the whole thing just like that, bang, bang, bang! He really meant it.

The young pastor from that church we went to on Thursday night found out I had been healed of cancer and he told me, "Frank, you need to be anointed with oil to be in God's service. He's going to be using you strong." So, he anointed me with oil and after that our ministry took off even more. We were all over the country, just one place right after the other.

I also became licensed as a pastor under the covering of my nephew Mike Kiley's church in San Jose, California, called The Home Church. The artist Thomas Kinkade who was known as "the painter of lights," was a member there.

My sister Shirley's son was a minister and she helped him start a church in Cape Coral, Florida. They got me to come over there if I was available. It was a little over 100 miles from our house to my sister's place, so we would go over there and usually stay for a couple of days at a time. My sister also had a bookkeeping service.

She knew a lot of people and would have folks lined up for me to minister to. She took care of a lot of the people at the Christian and Missionary Alliance Community at Shellpoint, Florida. It was a very beautiful, exclusive place. I used to go out and minister to the people there. We had one lady, I can't remember her name, who was 105 years old. She could recite the Beatitudes just right off the top of her head. She didn't need any coaxing or anything, she just had it. I really enjoyed that. This lady had worked in the offices in Chicago for about 40 years and her brother gave her the money to come out to be put in that place for the rest of her life. It was really refreshing to see somebody like her.

The way this place was set up, there was regular housing and as you progressively needed more care you would be in assisted living. A lot of people were healed there. In fact, the only time I ever prayed for anyone to have their ears opened

up was there. Mrs. Burns, who was from Texas, met Shirley and I going in there and she was disgusted because, "Somebody stole my hearing aids!" You can't believe the things people would steal there. Even false teeth got stolen! The anointing just came on me and I grabbed my oil (I carry a little vial with me all the time) and I said, "You won't need those hearing aids!" And I anointed her with oil and said, "In the name of Jesus open those ears up!" Just like that both ears were opened. This was the only time I have ever seen it happen.

We would go from one place to another there and it would be just like the book of Acts, one miracle after another. I saw people healed who had shingles and have seen broken bones in a foot healed to the point you could kick the cast off because they didn't need it. We did that for a long time. I don't know how many hundreds of people were healed during those visits. I couldn't

even begin to name them all. Sometimes we'd have as high as 20 or more people to pray for, one right after another. We would go from one area of the facility to another. My sister knew where they were. One lady told my sister, "Your brother is the one who should be down here pastoring this church." I didn't have time to mess with it all the time. When I was in Florida, I would do it because I could just drive over there and stay with Shirley. We'd maybe go out and eat and the Lord did all the rest. It was so interesting, as I was seeing more and more healings and miracles.

Eventually the Lord led me to work with several different churches in the area. I worked with a Church of God in Geneva where I lived. The pastor was a school teacher who started this church and he was the only person I knew of this happening to. He went to Mexico and had arranged for an interpreter. He was a teacher but

couldn't speak any Spanish. He told us he was supposed to preach in a church service one day, but he couldn't find an interpreter. So he told the Lord, "Ok, I'm just going to get up and preach!" He got up, began to preach, and as he opened his mouth he began to speak in Spanish! He had never learned to speak a word of Spanish.

There was a Nazarene Church near our house in Florida that we also helped. I really liked those Nazarene people. They are some really good, solid people. This church had a history of being open for a while and then it would be closed....then repeat the process...be open and then closed. They had 10 acres right on the main highway and it was really a nice facility. The church hired a pastor who had previously worked at PTL for Jim Bakker doing counseling before PTL collapsed. I visited the church and then got to helping him. I prayed for people there all of the time for about 1-1/2 years. Something then

happened when I left to do some ministering in Maine. I came back and I couldn't believe what had taken place. There were different people at the door and different people running the music. The pastor had decided he was going to let a Christian motorcycle gang merge with them. They had put a big banner across the front of the church that said: "Out With the Old, In With the New!" There is nothing the matter with a Christian motorcycle gang but the Spirit of God had left the church. The pastor's wife came over to me and said, "Frank, I can't wait for you to meet these people." I said, "Meet these people? You've brought the wrong spirit into this church." I was very blunt with her. I told her and her husband, "You know something, you'll be lucky if you have 10 people in here by Easter." I had told them the truth. Everyone left the church. They later admitted they had made a mistake. They

resigned the church and moved away to the other side of the state.

It broke my heart because before that time I had seen so many things that the Lord did in that church. It was really beautiful to see. A lady, Kathy, who was probably 70 to 75 years old at the time, whose husband Frank had passed away maybe a couple of years before, was up at the altar one day crying. I walked up to her and asked her what was wrong. She was seeking the gift of sanctification. She thought sanctification was a gift of the Spirit, but it is actually a process where we grow to be more and more like Christ. I told her, "Kathy, look, you don't need to pray for that gift. As you grow, you are growing into that all the time. You're just getting more and more like Jesus. That's what it's about. It's not some special one-time gift...It's a lifetime of following Jesus." She had such a loving spirit about her. I had seen her minister to Jehovah's Witnesses. She

didn't get mad at them...she just tried gently to lead them to the Lord.

There was also a young man who did the music there for 10 or 15 years (who incidentally had been kicked out of being worship leader in lieu of the "bikers") who was really upset and cried. I went over and talked to him. He had had a liver transplant. I said, "the devil is trying to cause your liver to be rejected. This is a spirit of rejection. I will anoint you with oil and pray for you and that will be done right now, you'll be healed." I said, "The devil is just trying to scare you into this." So, I prayed for him and he was healed and he knew it!

Then, this same young man told me, "Frank, my dad just had a stroke." His dad lived several hundred miles away. I said, "That's ok. Would you want to stand in the gap for your dad?" He answered, "Sure I will." I said: "I'm going to pray for him just like he was right here." I anointed his

son with oil and prayed just as if his dad was standing right there. The Lord really touched him. A few days later he called me over to the side and said, “My dad is not only healed, but he’s getting married!”

CHAPTER ELEVEN

God Enlarged Our Territory

.... “Oh, that You would bless me indeed, and enlarge my territory, that Your hand would be with me, and that You would keep me from evil, that I may not cause pain!” So, God granted him what he requested.

I Chronicles 4:10 (NKJV)

I was getting up there in age and I didn't like to travel too well, so, I told the Lord, “Here I am at this age and I really don't care about running all over the country and traveling like this. If this is something that You really want me to do, I want to see something a little bit different so I really know it's of You. I don't want to be running all over the country on my own.” After I prayed that prayer, the phone calls requesting us to come minister just poured in.

My main thing is that I want to get the body of Christ to realize that if they will just send

somebody with the faith for these miracles and healings, He will do it.

We were in Indiana and I was ministering in a Church of Christ, doing the service there and an elder of the church said, "Could you and your wife go with me and pray for a couple of people?" I told him, "Yes, we'd be glad to go with you." We went with him to this house and there was a curtain up by the bed which was shielding another room. This older lady, she was probably in her high 70s, maybe 80s (I didn't get to see much of her), was there and I introduced myself and the elder and Ramona who was with me. I told her, "We've been asked to come over and pray for you." I no more than said that when a guy and his wife came out from around the curtain and he started yelling at us, "This is all satanic! You're not going to come in here and pray for her. We want you out of here!" That was no fun to have

happen. I'm not going to pray for somebody who thinks we're from Satan that's for sure.

The next stop was to a local farm.

I'm right at home whether we're at a farm or wherever. That same elder introduced me to the farmer who owned the place. We were in the milk barn. They had a bunch of cows and it was a big farm. I asked the farmer, "What's going on with your child?" He had a little boy who was about nine months old. He told me, "He's been diagnosed with crystals in his brain and they say he's only going to have about six months to live." He was going to a local Church of Christ. He said, "I went to the pastor and said 'I'd like you to anoint my son with oil like it says in James and pray for him.'" The pastor's response was, "The doctors have already told you that your kid has crystallization in his brain and he's going to die, he'll be lucky if he lives six months!" How would you like to have a pastor say something like that

to you about your child? I said to the elder, “If you want me to pray for him, we’ll go in the house and I’ll tell you what I’m going to do: According to the Bible, it’s a deaf and dumb spirit. Jesus cast out a deaf and dumb spirit that caused a kid to have epileptic fits and that’s what’s going on here. If you want me to pray for him that’s exactly what I’ll do for that little boy.” The boy’s father answered, “Boy, I’d really like that.” I said: “When you get done with the milking here, we’ll go in and do it.”

The elder, the boy’s father, Ramona and I went in the house. The boy’s mother was sitting there with the little boy in her lap. As soon as Ramona sat down, she put her hands out to take the youngster and he wouldn’t even let her touch him. I told them what I was going to do first which you really need to do, otherwise you will scare them. I anointed the baby with oil; I started right off doing that and bound Satan from his activities, came against this situation, and commanded that

deaf and dumb spirit to come out now and not to come back in Jesus' name! He then, just like that, threw his arms out toward my wife and hugged onto her. He was healed just like that! It's ironic we had just been run out of the previous place for being called the devil!

Ramona and the elder's wife stayed friends and communicated back and forth through email. She kept us informed on how the little boy was. The last we heard, he was over 15 years old.

We were called to go to Fremont, Indiana, to do some meetings in a Methodist Church that had about 200 members. My wife's first cousin lived there and also my sister-in-law was there, and some of our relatives lived nearby, mostly from Ramona's side. They called me and asked, "Do you want us to put up some signs for a healing service?" It was a big, beautiful Methodist Church. I said, "No, don't put up any signs at all. I don't heal anybody, Jesus does. I'll pray for people if it

takes me 'til 2:30 in the morning, but I just don't do that. I just pray for people and we've seen a lot of really good results, but I've never healed one myself that I know of." Before we met at the Methodist Church one of the elders of the church wanted us to do some services at his house. We went over to his house, which was a beautiful place on a lake. There must have been 35 to 50 people there. It was a big, two-level house. We met on the top floor, which was like a large recreation area. Ramona and I were doing the music. I always pick out songs that are anointed...I wouldn't use one if it wasn't in that type of service. We had just gotten finished and were really praising the Lord when a lady came up the stairs with the pastor of the Methodist church that we were scheduled to minister in behind her. She was the organist for the church. I began asking who needed prayer and that lady spoke up and she said, "I'm scheduled for an

operation on my back next week, but you know something happened when I came up the stairs and just heard the music. I'm healed!" She continued, "I'm healed and I knew it as I came up the stairs!" I said, "Just praise God and thank Him for it!"

It went on like that. I don't know how many we prayed for. The pastor came up and said, "I have a disease of the nerve endings and I can't stand up to preach my sermons, I have to sit down." So, I said, "That's nothing the Lord can't heal." I anointed him with oil, my wife came over, we laid hands on him and prayed for him and he was healed instantly. He said, "I've never seen anything like this." "That's just God," was what I told him and "just thank Him for it and take advantage of it." Then the pastor said: "I've got a nephew in Indianapolis who's got leukemia and they don't expect him to live. It's too bad we're so far away," He was just a young boy of six or

seven years old. I told him, “Pastor, I’ll tell you what we’ll do, if you really care enough about that boy to stand in the gap for him, I’ll just go ahead and anoint you just like I would if your nephew were right here. If you do that, I’ll go ahead and anoint you and pray for him and I wouldn’t be surprised if he’ll be healed right away!” That’s what happened with that little boy. I anointed his uncle and prayed for him. I didn’t know until later, because we were busy for a week or two, but when we got home there was a letter and the little boy was healed 250 miles away from where we had prayed for him.

When we went to church that next Sunday, the pastor stood up and said, “You know folks, I want to tell you something. I thought that bringing the Evans’s here would be like some of the others we’ve seen where they just come in to ‘fleece the flock,’ and that’s really why I went over to the house meeting where they were first. I just went

to see if it was another one of these things coming along. But I want to tell you something, the Evans' are here just to help people. They don't want anything; they just want to help people and I will tell you one thing...the power of God is here to heal!"

EPILOGUE

The preceding account was written by my father, Frank Evans. It is his heart's desire that people understand that God will use any believer to heal the sick as long as they are willing to be used.

My dad was a man of humble beginnings...a man of limited education who worked hard as a mechanic for most of his life. He claims no special healing gift or powers...but he is a believer in Jesus...and Jesus promised that believers could lay hands on the sick and see them recover.

Mark chapter 16 verses 17 & 18 says: *“And these signs shall follow them that believe; In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.”*

My father is a believer and so these signs follow him. He wants you to know they can follow you too if you believe in the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

It is interesting that these very scriptures have been under attack with newer translations saying that they are omitted in some ancient manuscripts. However my father has confirmed their validity hundreds of times over. The saying is true that: "The man with experience is never at the mercy of a man with a theory."

My husband Mark and I can also attest to the healing power of Jesus. For over 40 years we have traveled the world in ministry and seen Jesus heal thousands of people because we too are believers.

Our mother Ramona went to be with Jesus in 2013 after 67 years of marriage. She got up one morning at their home in Florida, put on the coffee pot and sat down in her recliner. My dad

got up a little while later and thought she had fallen back to sleep, but she had left this earth peacefully to be with her Savior. About three years later dad came to live with us here on the Cumberland Plateau of Tennessee.

As I write this epilogue, Dad is 89 years old. He remains active and faithfully serves the Lord praying at least two hours every day for everyone on his “prayer list”. In addition he ministers on the phone, praying for anyone who calls, sometimes several hours every day.

Paulette (Evans) Swiger

